True and Joyful News:

OR A

Word of Comfort

TO THE

GODLY PARTY:

A POEM

UPON

Mr. H--ss late Deliverance.

WHat *H-s* Acquitted, *Armſtrong*'s Magazine!
Tory turn'd *Ignoramus*, without Spleen?
The Old Cauſes grand *Goliah*'s Pim- is come,
Has ſlipt the nooſe, bilkt *Ketch*, eſcap'd his doom,
The Cities Hopes, the Charters chief Upholder,
Diſſenters joy, the Scriptures beſt unfolder,
Is ſafe arrived; proclaim a Solemn Day,
Let's Halelujahs to his Praiſes pay:
For he's the Hero of our State-Plot-Play.
The *Confin'd Saviour* of the Nation's gone,
His Cryſtal Plot and mighty Train's undone;
Succeeding *H-s* ſhall be his Adopted Son.
Can *Salamanca*'s brood ere want a Boy,
Whilſt *H-s*'s the *Acheoniz'd* Phanaticks joy!
Who brings an Ordered *Babel* on his Tongue,
Tuning Sedition to the good old Song
Of *All Health to Old Noll*, in each Cabal,
Whoſe empty words the Vulgar Goſpel call.
The **Dove* (preciſe diſſenters ſay) 's return'd,
(For whom through fear the City Faction mourn'd)

**H-ys.*

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With *Olive Branches*, ſince the Floods decreaſe,
*D.O. And fatal Tidings of the *Ravens Caſe;
Who boldly wing'd ore th' ſurface of the Deep,
Till boiſterous Billows did impriſon'd keep,
The wandring Meſſenger of the active ſide,
Whoſe vaſt Phanatick Ark does doubtful glide,
Longing for th' 'batement of a bleſt State Tyde.
Big with Ill-hopes, ill-meaning Zealots Crew;
Whom no Religion pleaſes but a *New*,
Can bleſs, ſpeak fair, with the ſame breath undo.
*D.T. * *Geneva's Trojan* Horſe ador'd by ſome,
Fill'd with arm'd men, Traytors ſuppos'd from *Rome*,
Whoſe out-ſwell'd *Salamanca* ſides contain,
*London. The numerous Ofspring of * *Auguſta's* Train,
Whitehall made room for this outlandiſh Beaſt,
Each did admire, and for his favour preſt,
Till ſable Clouds of unexpected Grief
Ore vail'd the Srate, not thinking of relief.
The mighty Monſters Bowels yearn'd agen,
And then brought forth a wondrous Plot, not men;
Which (*Hydra* like) when ſpoyl'd, another roſe,
Debauch'd the Land and its Par'nts heads expoſe,
Whoſe (*Jove*-like) brain a fruitful womb ſupply'd
*Armſtrong Gave birth to *H-s* and great **Tom's* princely Pride.
When *H--s* their Bully-Cock, the Parties Head,
And *Otes* the Devils *Mercury* are dead,
They Self-thought-Saints a Diſſolution dread.

Ay

FINIS.

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